

Grimquest

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Players Handbook

Welcome to a fast, flexible, and rules-light tabletop roleplaying game where every challenge is resolved with a single d20 roll. Inspired by classic fantasy adventures and simplified for quick play, this game focuses on storytelling, exploration, and combat—without pages of complex mechanics. It's ideal for one-shots, casual groups, or introducing new players to tabletop RPGs.

What You Need

To play, all you need is:

- A 20-sided die (1d20)
- A pencil and paper
- A few friends (1 Game Master, the rest are players)
- A sense of adventure

Characters are easy to create, and everything in the game—attacks, challenges, traps, and interactions—is resolved by rolling a d20. No need for miniatures, maps, or long rulebooks .

How to Play

Each player creates a character by rolling for their six core stats (Strength, Dexterity, Constitution, Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma). The Game Master (GM) creates the world, narrates the story, and controls the monsters and challenges.

When you want to do something—smash a door, pick a lock, swing a sword—you roll a d20. If it's a fight, the result is your damage. If it's a task, the GM sets a difficulty (easy, medium, or hard), and you try to beat it. Weapons and armor provide small bonuses, and HP (Hit Points) track how much punishment you can take.

That's it! The rest is up to your imagination.

Character Creation

In Grimquest, every player creates a hero (or scoundrel) to brave the dangers of the world. This is a fast process—you'll be ready to play in minutes.

Step 1: Roll Your Stats

Your character has six core abilities:

- **Strength (STR)** – physical power, melee damage, breaking things
- **Dexterity (DEX)** – agility, stealth, ranged attacks
- **Constitution (CON)** – endurance, hit points, resisting poison or fatigue
- **Intelligence (INT)** – reasoning, lore, spellcraft
- **Wisdom (WIS)** – perception, willpower, common sense
- **Charisma (CHA)** – charm, leadership, deception

Roll **1d20** for each stat. Write the number down as-is—there are no modifiers unless granted by class or gear.

Optional: If you want more balanced characters, allow players to reroll any score below 5.

Step 2: Choose a Class and Race

Choose a simple archetype. Each one gives a small bonus and helps guide roleplay:

- **Fighter:** +2 STR, +2 HP, can use heavy weapons
- **Rogue:** +2 DEX, +2 to lock/trap rolls
- **Wizard:** +2 INT, knows a simple magic spell (see optional rules)
- **Cleric:** +2 WIS, may heal 1d4 HP per rest (self or others)
- **Bard:** +2 CHA, may charm or distract with music once per session
- **Barbarian:** +2 CON, +1 damage when under 50% HP

Classes don't restrict what you can do—they're flavor and bonus providers. Mix and match if desired. **Race:** Human, Dwarf, Elf, Halfling, Half-Orc, Tiefling

Step 3: Hit Points

Your HP equals your **CON score**. That's it. If your CON is 14, you start with 14 HP. Fighters and Barbarians may get a small bonus (see above). When HP drops to 0, you fall unconscious or die—your GM decides based on story and drama.

Step 4: Starting Equipment

Each player starts with:

- One weapon (choose type: sword, axe, bow, dagger, etc.)
- One armor (light or heavy)
- A useful item (rope, torch, potion, lockpick, etc.)

Weapons and armor provide flat bonuses:

- **Weapons:** Add +1 or +2 to STR or DEX in combat.
- **Armor:**
 - *Light armor:* Damage Reduction 1 (ignore 1 point of damage)
 - *Heavy armor:* Damage Reduction 3 (ignore 3 points), -1 to DEX checks

Your GM can allow magical items or gold at their discretion.

Combat Rules

Combat in *Grimquest* is quick, brutal, and resolved entirely with d20 rolls. Each blow counts, and every roll can be the difference between life and death.

Turn Order

Combat begins with a **Quick Clash Roll**:

- Each player rolls **1d20**.
 - If the result is **10 or higher**, the **player side acts first**.
 - If the result is **9 or lower**, the **monsters act first**.
- After the first round, turns proceed in alternating **player** → **monster** → **player** order.

Attacks & Damage

Each time a character or monster attacks, they roll **1d20** to resolve both the hit and the damage. There are no attack rolls or damage rolls—**just one roll does it all**.

- **Player Turn:** Roll **1d20**, add any relevant bonuses (weapon or STR/DEX).
 - Subtract the **enemy's Armor (DR)** from the result.
 - What's left is **damage to the enemy's HP**.

- **Enemy Turn:** The GM rolls **1d20** for the monster.
 - Subtract the **player's Armor (DR)**.
 - What's left is **damage to the player's HP**.

If the damage result after armor is **0 or less**, no damage is dealt.

Example: A player with a sword (+1) rolls 12. The monster has DR 2. $12 + 1 = 13 \rightarrow 13 - 2 = 11$ **damage** dealt to the monster.

Weapons

Weapons give a flat bonus to combat rolls, based on type or rarity:

- **Basic weapons** (sword, axe, spear, bow): **+1**
- **Heavy/Two-handed weapons** (greatsword, warhammer): **+2**, but may restrict use of shields or light gear.
- **Ranged weapons** (bow, crossbow): Add **+1** to DEX rolls in combat.
- **Magical weapons** (GM's choice): **+3** or have unique effects.

Armor & Damage Reduction (DR)

Armor doesn't make you harder to hit—it **reduces incoming damage**.

- **No armor:** DR 0
- **Light armor** (leather, padded): DR 1
- **Medium armor** (chain, scale): DR 2
- **Heavy armor** (plate, full mail): DR 3, but may impose a **-1 penalty** to DEX checks
- **Shields** (if used): add **+1 DR**

Some monsters may have **natural armor** or resistances as well. DR never fully negates damage from a critical hit.

Optional Rule: Critical Hits

- A natural **20** on a d20 roll is a **critical hit**.
 - Damage dealt is **doubled**, after armor is subtracted.

- Example: You roll a natural 20 with a +1 weapon = 21. Against DR 2, that's $(21 - 2 = 19) \times 2 = \mathbf{38 \text{ damage}}$.
- A natural **1** is a **fumble**: you drop your weapon, leave yourself open, or trip—GM decides the effect.

Skill & Challenge System

Not every threat in *Grimquest* is solved with a sword. Many moments call for cleverness, quick fingers, or sheer willpower. Whether you're picking a lock, disarming a trap, climbing a crumbling wall, or persuading a stubborn guard, it's all resolved with a single roll of the d20.

How It Works

When a character attempts something challenging outside of combat, the Game Master (GM) may ask for a **Challenge Roll**.

- **Roll 1d20.**
- Add the relevant **Ability Modifier** (based on your stat).
- If the total equals or exceeds the **Difficulty Class (DC)**, the action succeeds.

Example: A rogue wants to sneak past a guard. The GM says it's a Medium DEX check (DC 15). The rogue has 16 DEX (+2). They roll a 14 → $14 + 2 = \mathbf{16}$, success!

Difficulty Levels

The GM sets a DC based on how hard the task is:

Task Difficulty DC

Easy 10

Medium 15

Hard 20

Heroic (optional) 25+

For creative or story-driven tasks, the GM can adjust these numbers as needed. Encourage creative problem-solving over dice rolling whenever possible.

Which Ability to Use?

Use the stat that fits the action:

- **STR:** For lifting gates, breaking down doors, holding ropes, etc.
- **DEX:** Sneaking, dodging, climbing, picking locks, disabling traps.
- **CON:** Resisting poison, exhaustion, or holding breath.
- **INT:** Solving riddles, recalling lore, identifying magical effects.
- **WIS:** Perception, intuition, noticing hidden things.
- **CHA:** Persuading, deceiving, intimidating, leading crowds.

Modifiers are simple:

- 1–4 = **–2**
- 5–9 = **–1**
- 10–14 = **+0**
- 15–17 = **+1**
- 18–19 = **+2**
- 20 = **+3**

Apply the modifier from the relevant stat to the d20 roll.

Group Checks

If more than one player is working together on the same task (like lifting a gate or searching a room), let one roll with **advantage** (roll twice, take the higher result), or allow all to roll and count the best.

Passive Checks

For things like noticing hidden objects or sensing danger, the GM can use **Passive Scores**:

- Passive = 10 + stat modifier.
- If the DC is lower than a character's passive, they notice/succeed automatically.

Equipment

In *Grimquest*, gear matters—but not as much as grit. Weapons and armor grant small but meaningful bonuses, while tools and loot help you survive in a brutal world. Keep it light, keep it simple.

Weapons

Weapons grant a flat bonus to attack rolls.

Weapon Type	Bonus	Notes
Dagger, club	+0	Light, can be hidden
Sword, axe, bow	+1	Standard one-handed weapons
Greatsword, maul	+2	Two-handed, no shield
Magic weapon	+3	Rare; may glow or have effects

Players start with one weapon they buy . Damage is always based on your attack roll (see Combat Rules).

Armor

Armor reduces incoming damage using **Damage Reduction (DR)**.

Armor Type	DR	Notes
None	0	Cloth or casual wear
Light (leather)	1	No penalties
Medium (chain)	2	May clink when sneaking (GM discretion)
Heavy (plate)	3	–1 to DEX checks
Shield (optional)	+1	Can be combined with other armor

Players start with armor they buy. Heavier armor reduces more damage but may slow or hinder the wearer.

Each character starts with 20 GP. Equipment price list:

- Basic weapon: 5 GP

- Standard weapon (+1): 10 GP
- Heavy weapon (+2): 15 GP
- Light armor (DR 1): 5 GP
- Medium armor (DR 2): 10 GP
- Heavy armor (DR 3): 15 GP
- Shield: 5 GP
- Tools, gear, herbs, etc.: 1–5 GP

Magic Weapons in Grimquest

- Not purchasable: Magical weapons are never bought. They are earned—usually as rewards for defeating bosses, finishing major quests, or surviving cursed dungeons.
- GM-Granted Only: Only the GM can introduce a magical weapon, and each one should feel unique, storied, or even cursed.
- Stat Bonus: Most magic weapons grant a +3 bonus to attack rolls.
- Optional Effects: At the GM's discretion, they may glow in the dark, bypass armor, deal elemental damage, or interact with ancient ruins or enemies.

Tools & Gear

Each character begins with **one useful item**, such as:

- 50 feet of rope
- Grappling hook
- Lockpicks (grants advantage on lock-related checks)
- Healing herb (restores 1d6 HP, one use)
- Lantern and 3 flasks of oil
- Smoke bomb (one use, obscure line of sight)

Players can scavenge or barter for more tools in-game.

Loot & Gold

Treasure is rare and grounded—this is **Grimquest**, not Treasure Mountain.

After each fight or encounter, roll **1d20**:

- The number you roll = **gold pieces found** (total, not per player).
- The GM describes what the loot looks like (a pouch, belt buckle, stolen purse, etc.).

Example: You slay a bandit captain and roll 14 → the party finds 14 GP worth of loot.

Special Items

Stat-boosting gear (+1 to STR, INT, etc.) is **only found in boss fights or major quests**. These items are unique, named, and may have a story tied to them.

Examples:

- **Bracers of Iron Will** (+1 WIS)
- **Cinderfang Blade** (+1 STR, glows near heat)
- **Thief's Wraps** (+1 DEX when lockpicking)

Such items should feel earned and significant—not handed out casually.

Advancement & Leveling

Characters in *Grimquest* earn Experience Points (XP) by overcoming monsters, traps, and challenges. As they gain XP, they grow tougher—mainly by increasing their ability to survive.

Earning XP

- Gain XP equal to a monster's HP × 10 when it's defeated.
- The GM may award bonus XP for creative solutions, major story milestones, or exceptional roleplay.

Example: A skeleton with 6 HP gives 60 XP. A troll with 20 HP gives 200 XP.

Leveling Table

Level	XP	Required Gain on Level-Up
1	0	Starting level
2	500	+5 maximum HP
3	1,500	+8 maximum HP
4	3,000	+10 maximum HP
5	6,000	+12 maximum HP
6	10,000	+12 maximum HP, +1 to any stat
7	15,000	+12 maximum HP
8	21,000	+12 HP, +1 to any stat
9+	+7,000/level	Continue HP and stat growth

* No stat increases occur before Level 6.

* Maximum stat value is 20.

* HP increases automatically—no need to roll.

Magic System

Magic System (1d20-Based)

In *Grimquest*, all spells—like everything else—are resolved using a **single d20 roll**. There are no hit dice, damage dice, or spell slots. Just guts, grit, and magic.

Who Can Cast Spells?

Only the following classes may cast spells:

- **Wizard** (uses **INT**)
- **Cleric** (uses **WIS**)
- **Bard** (uses **CHA**)

They start with **one known spell** and may **cast one spell per rest** (short or long). Additional spells are earned at higher levels or found as rare magical rewards.

Casting Spells

- Roll **1d20 + your casting stat** (INT, WIS, or CHA).
- The GM sets the **Spell DC** based on the effect:
 - **Easy** (10): minor magic, simple healing
 - **Medium** (15): useful, risky magic
 - **Hard** (20): powerful, fight-turning spell
- If successful, the spell works.
- If failed, the spell fizzles (and still counts as used).
- **Natural 1**: Backfire or magical mishap (GM's choice)
- **Natural 20**: Spell has enhanced or amplified effect

Sample Spells (1d20 Results)

Wizard Spells

- **Firebolt** – Roll **1d20 – target's DR** = fire damage dealt
- **Mage Hand** – Move small objects up to 20 feet (DC 10)
- **Arcane Lock** – Seal a door for 1 hour (DC 15 to break it)
- **Mirror Veil** – Gain DR 2 for 2 rounds (DC 15)

Cleric Spells

- **Heal** – Roll **1d20**, restore that much HP to one target
- **Turn Undead** – All nearby undead must beat your **1d20 + WIS** or flee
- **Sanctuary** – Make a target untargetable for 1 round (DC 15)
- **Purify** – Cleanse poison, disease, or minor curse (DC 15)

Bard Spells

- **Inspire** – Target ally rolls **1d20**, picks higher of two rolls next turn
- **Mocking Verse** – Target takes **-1d20/2** (rounded down) to next roll
- **Illusory Sound** – Distracts enemies, giving ally advantage (DC 10)
- **Charm** – Target is friendly for 10 minutes (DC = target's WIS +10)

Rest to Cast Again

- After casting a spell, it's spent until you take a **short or long rest**
- Some powerful spells may require a **long rest only** (GM's discretion)

Healing & Resting

In *Grimquest*, wounds matter. Rest is scarce. Magical healing is rare. You'll need to choose when to press on and when to hide in a dark corner and pray the monsters don't hear you breathing.

Natural Healing

- **Short Rest** (about 1 hour, uninterrupted):
Roll **1d20**, recover that much HP.
- **Long Rest** (full night of safe rest):
Recover **all lost HP**.

Note: The GM can deny long rest benefits if the area is unsafe, haunted, freezing, or cursed.

Magical Healing

Only **Clerics** or certain rare **items/spells** can heal instantly.

- **Heal Spell:** Restores **1d20 HP**
- **Healing Herb** (found or purchased): Restores **1d20 HP**, one use only

Healing items are rare and should be treated as valuable loot.

Zero HP & Death

When a character's HP hits **0**, they fall **unconscious**.

At the start of their next turn, roll a **Death Check**:

- **Roll 1d20**
 - 10 or higher: you are **stable at 0 HP**, unconscious until healed
 - 9 or lower: you **die**

Optional rule: The GM may give bonuses/penalties based on the situation (e.g., -2 if struck down by fire, +2 if protected by an ally or divine aura).

Potions & Recovery Items (Optional)

Potions are **rare**. When found, they typically restore **1d20 HP** or remove a condition (poison, burn, etc.).

Rest wisely. Sometimes survival means retreat. Grim heroes know when to run—and when to die on their feet.

Monster Creation & XP System

Monsters in *Grimquest* are defined by a few fast stats: **HP**, **DR**, **Attack**, and a flavor ability or two. Their XP reward is directly tied to how tough they are.

Monster Stat Template

Stat	Description
HP	Determines durability and XP reward (10 XP per 1 HP)
DR	A armor, just like players (0–3 typical)
Attack	d20 roll → damage output (just like PCs)
Abilities	Optional traits (poison, flying, magic, etc.)

Monster Tiers (Guidelines)

Type	HP Range	DR	Notes
Minion	3–6	0	
Standard Enemy	7–12	1	
Elite Enemy	13–20	2	
Boss	25–40+	3+	

XP Distribution for the Party

To keep it fair and simple:

Split XP Evenly Among All Surviving Characters

- After a fight, total all XP gained from monsters.
- Divide evenly among all characters who participated in the fight and survived.

Example:

The party kills 3 bandits (HP 6 each = $60 \text{ XP} \times 3 = 180 \text{ XP}$ total).

There are 3 players. Each gains 60 XP.

If one player died in the battle, the GM can decide whether they still get XP, or reserve it as a "revival reward".

Monster Compendium

Gravetongue Worm

HP: 4

DR: 0

Attack: +0



Trait:

- **Lash Reflex:** If struck in melee, it lashes out automatically for 1d20/2 damage (once per round, not per hit).
- **Burrower:** Can vanish into soft earth or graves as a move action.

Speed: Slow

Type: Undead Beast

XP: 40

Society:

The Gravetongue Worm is a foul parasite of death, born from the rot and silence that clings to the long-dead. These pale, eyeless monstrosities grow in buried corpses like tumors, feeding not just on decaying flesh, but on lingering echoes of memory and soul. It is said that their split black tongues do not merely taste—they speak in whispers stolen from the dead, muttering secrets never meant to be heard again.

A fully grown Gravetongue Worm can reach the size of a large dog, though its sluggish writhing and translucent, veiny flesh make it appear almost fetal. It emerges from graves in

crypts, forgotten cemeteries, or battlefield mass graves, often seeking warmth and psychic resonance from the living.

These creatures are drawn to grief, especially in places where burial was rushed or incomplete. Mourners who linger too long near disturbed graves sometimes vanish, leaving only a sunken plot and torn earth behind.

Gravetongue Worms have no true society but are occasionally found in clutches, gestating near clusters of magical dead or in areas cursed by necromancy. They are hunted by grave clerics and burning cults, who believe each worm carries a fragment of damned memory capable of drawing greater undead to the surface.

Though not highly intelligent, they possess a chilling instinct to attack from beneath, coiling around limbs and driving their barbed tongues into flesh. Survivors often suffer waking dreams—visions of the lives the worms have feasted on.

Shardkin Crawler

HP: 5

DR: 1

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Bleed Shards:** Anyone damaged by the Shardkin takes **1 extra damage at the start of their next turn** from embedded crystal slivers (can be removed with an action).
 - **Skittering Movement:** Can move through enemy spaces as difficult terrain.
- Speed:** Fast
Type: Aberration
XP: 50

Society:

Shardkin Crawlers are the shattered remnants of failed magical constructs, left behind when protective wards, binding spells, or enchanted prisons collapse under stress or sabotage. These insectoid horrors are not native creatures—they are born of magical fallout, animated by unstable arcane fragments and residual energy.

Their bodies are composed of jagged black chitin laced with crystal shards—shards that once powered spells or enchanted objects, now twisted and corrupted. These creatures crawl through collapsed dungeons, shattered towers, or arcane ruins, scavenging leftover magic like carrion beasts devouring a corpse.



Shardkin are skittish when alone, but aggressively territorial if they detect any arcane energy or magical items. They are especially drawn to spellcasters, whose very presence causes the crawler's shards to twitch and hum.

Ecologically, they are a magical disease. The crystals they embed in their victims grow slowly if not removed, leeching warmth and life force. It's whispered that when enough victims fall to a crawler's glassy bite, their bodies feed the hive—birthing larger, more dangerous shard-bound abominations deeper below.

No one has discovered how they reproduce, though a few shattered scrolls speak of arcane resonance spires that pulse with light in empty caverns—perhaps the nest or heart of something worse.

To walk barefoot through a ruin, they say, is to invite the sting of a Shardkin and a slow, glittering death.

Wickling

HP: 6

DR: 0

Attack: +1



Trait:

- **Burning Touch:** On a successful hit, the target takes **1d20/2 fire damage**, and must pass a DC 15 roll or catch fire for 1 additional round.
- **Heat-Shaped Form:** Immune to non-magical piercing weapons (arrows, spears, etc.).

Speed: Normal

Type: Elemental Construct

XP: 60

Society:

Wicklings are animated remnants of forgotten ritual magic, their waxen bodies molded by fire, intention, and regret. Created unintentionally during abandoned summoning ceremonies or the sacrificial burnings of arcane heretics, these flickering constructs persist long after their creators are ash and memory.

Their bodies are humanoid in shape but grotesquely warped—limbs sagging and reforming as melted wax cools, only to slump again with each step. A flickering blue flame burns where their head should be, never extinguished, never flickering from wind or water. It is believed to contain the last thought of the soul that formed them—forever looped in silent agony.

Wicklings are often found in lava caves, scorched ruins, or places of immolation, drawn to heat like moths to flame. They shamble aimlessly until disturbed, at which point their movements become eerily focused and hostile. Their molten touch leaves searing brands on flesh, and their wax can cling like tar to armor and skin alike.

Ecologically, they are rare. They do not breed, and they cannot be summoned through conventional means. However, some say that if a person dies while clutching a candle and consumed by hatred, a Wickling may rise in their place during the next thunderstorm.

Wicklings fear only one thing: true cold. Their flames dim near ancient ice, and some theorists speculate they are somehow bound to the Plane of Fire—or perhaps exiled from it.

Those who attempt to “snuff” a Wickling often find themselves haunted by dreams of smoke-choked halls and unseen chanting, unable to breathe, and always watching that flicker in the dark.

Murmuring Shade

HP: 3

DR: 1 (ethereal form)

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Whispers of Dread:** All creatures within 10 feet roll attacks at **–2** unless they pass a WIS save (DC 12) at the start of their turn.
- **Incorporeal Drift:** Can move through walls, bars, or solid terrain (but not magical wards).
Speed: Slow
Type: Undead Spirit
XP: 30

Society:

The Murmuring Shade is a fragmented soul, torn from death not by necromancy, but by unfinished words—regrets, confessions, or secrets never spoken aloud. These beings are not raised, but *left behind*, lingering in the places where they once died with something still clinging to their fading memory.

They appear as faintly glowing silhouettes, vaguely human in shape, with flickering, uneven outlines that seem to drift like smoke or faulty illusions. No two Shades are the same, for each is shaped by the emotion or phrase that bound it to the mortal plane. The whispering sound they emit is not speech but memory itself—looped, broken, and indecipherable.



Murmuring Shades are most often found on cliffsides, drowned beaches, abandoned watchtowers, or storm-wrecked temples, places where sorrow and silence have steeped into the land. Some are tethered to a single object, grave, or name—but others wander without purpose, seeking a final listener who may never come.

Their presence chills the air, saps courage, and infects the minds of those nearby with fleeting hallucinations of loss. It is said that if one hears a Shade clearly, they are doomed to carry the burden of that unfinished memory—often suffering nightmares, confusion, or speech disorders in the days after.

Murmuring Shades do not hate the living—but they will defend themselves with uncanny force if disturbed. Their incorporeal form makes them hard to strike, and their muttered aura drains the will to fight. Only by naming what holds them—sometimes a specific word, sometimes an emotion—can they be laid to rest.

Even then, their whisper may echo once more... just beyond the firelight.

Hollowfang Stalker

HP: 5

DR: 1

Attack: +1



Trait:

- **Silent Ambush:** If the Stalker attacks from cover or surprise, it rolls **2d20 and takes the higher**.
- **Fungal Curse (Optional Rule):** Anyone bitten must pass a CON save (DC 13) or take –1 to all rolls for 1 hour as spores take hold.

Speed: Fast

Type: Aberrant Beast

XP: 50

Society:

The Hollowfang Stalker is a predator shaped not by nature, but by corruption. Thought to descend from wolves or hounds long ago, their bodies have been warped by ancient fungal spores, blood curses, or twisted druidic rites that once sought to “purify” the wilds by rooting out human influence. The result is a creature that no longer resembles anything natural.

It is long-limbed and emaciated, its bark-like hide flaking away in places to reveal a pale fungal tissue beneath. Mushrooms and moss sprout from its back and muzzle. Its glowing

green breath leaves trails in the mist. Most disturbingly, it has no eyes—only an expansive maw that splits further than should be possible, bristling with needle-like teeth.

Hollowfangs hunt alone, and never make sound. They move through damp forests, rotted glades, or ancient groves with unnatural precision. They are known to stalk prey for days, observing from shadows, often testing patrol patterns or group cohesion before striking. Campfires do not deter them. Singing does not distract them. They wait.

Those bitten by a Hollowfang often find small fungal growths forming around the wound within hours. If left untreated, these spores may begin to alter the victim's mind—causing disorientation, mistrust, or a sense of being watched even in safe places. The longer the infection lingers, the more drawn the victim becomes to the woods... and eventually, to the Hollowfang itself.

Scholars who've attempted to study these creatures in the wild often go missing. The few who return speak of "green paths" and "the Silent Grove", a supposed hidden biome deep in the wilderness where the Hollowfangs gather—not as beasts, but as guardians of something older.

Some druids revere them. Most rangers fear them. All agree: if you hear nothing, it's already too close.

Mirecoil

HP: 6

DR: 0

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Slime Trail:** Anyone moving through its space or directly behind it must pass a DEX save (DC 13) or fall prone.
- **Toxic Filth:** On a natural 20, the Mirecoil deals 1 extra 1d20/2 damage as filth infects the wound.

Speed: Slow

Type: Ooze/Beast Hybrid

XP: 60

Society:

The Mirecoil is a filth-dwelling aberration, a byproduct of stagnation, decay, and magical runoff festering together in places the world has forgotten. Scholars believe they formed in sewer cisterns, drowned catacombs, and ancient latrines soaked in necrotic energy—where rot, ruin, and the memory of suffering mingle unchecked.



Their bodies resemble oversized leeches or gastropods, bloated and glistening with a semi-translucent membrane that pulses with internal fluids. Their gaping circular mouths, lined with rows of rasping, jagged cartilage, are built not to bite—but to grind and siphon. Trailing behind them is a slick of chemical slime potent enough to dissolve bone over time.

Mirecoils are most active in underground environments: collapsed cities, drowned temples, and sewers long cut off from civilization. They prefer motionless water and will often lurk just below the surface, waiting for vibrations. Some cults of decay believe them to be servants of entropy, sent to digest the world one inch at a time.

They are solitary by nature but drawn to blood, rot, and psychic trauma. When multiple Mirecoils gather, it often precedes plague outbreaks, unnatural flooding, or the birth of more dangerous sewer horrors. A few grim tales speak of Mirecoil Queens, massive spawning sacs hidden in chasms beneath cities, fed by the nightmares of the mad and dying.

Their slime isn't merely slippery—it's infectious, slick with bacterial colonies that cause fevered hallucinations, vomiting, and eventual organ failure if untreated. Anyone who steps into their trail without boots risks never walking again.

Despite their sluggish appearance, Mirecoils are remarkably cunning, often using their burrowing ability to ambush prey from beneath or retreat into narrow tunnels where few can follow.

It is said that where they pass, no plant grows and no voice echoes, only the sound of slow digestion and distant gurgling in the dark.

Dregsnitch

HP: 4

DR: 0

Attack: +1



Trait:

- **Vermin Swarm:** Once per fight, the Dregsnitch can unleash a swarm of biting rats (targets in melee roll at disadvantage next round).
- **Filth Cunning:** Gains advantage on all rolls to hide in ruins, cellars, or sewers.

Speed: Normal

Type: Humanoid Vermin

XP: 40

Society:

Dregsnitches are the devolved remnants of cursed scavengers—once human thieves and squatters who lived too long in pestilent places. Twisted by disease, dark magic, and generations of filth, they’ve become something else entirely: feral, clever, and socially cohesive in their own foul way.

They form crude colonies in abandoned castles, crypts, and sewer systems, often building nests of bones, rags, and refuse. Their society mimics the worst aspects of humanity—petty hierarchy, betrayal, and constant infighting. The strongest Dregsnitch in a pack often wears a broken crown or carries a rusted blade as a “king.”

Ecologically, they are opportunistic omnivores, devouring rot, carrion, and even masonry powder. They coexist poorly with other monsters, often driving out weaker cave-dwelling beasts by sheer numbers and filth. Where Dregsnitches take root, decay follows.

Legends say some were born from cursed coins buried under plague houses—a warning to treasure hunters that some gold should remain forgotten.

Glimmerhusk

HP: 5

DR: 1

Attack: +1



Trait:

- **Reflective Curse:** The first time a character strikes the Glimmerhusk in melee, they see a horrifying reflection of themselves and must pass a **WIS save (DC 12)** or suffer –2 to their next roll.
 - **Motionless Ambush:** If the Glimmerhusk remains still for a full turn, its next attack is rolled with advantage.
- Speed:** Slow
Type: Construct / Curse Echo
XP: 50

Society:

Glimmerhusks are not truly alive. They are the manifestations of traumatic memories made physical—echoes of guilt, shame, or obsession given shape by fractured magic or planar bleeding. Where the boundaries between realms are weak—especially in abandoned meadows, forgotten battlefields, or haunted ruins—Glimmerhusks may appear without warning.

Scholars believe they are bound to moments of intense psychic anguish. Some claim they are the “outer garments” of souls too twisted to rest properly, peeled away and left behind as false reflections. Their mirrored faces are not masks, but windows—showing not truth, but warped perception. Many who strike them report seeing alternate, corrupted versions of themselves.

They do not eat, speak, or hunt in groups. A Glimmerhusk is a **solitary sentinel**, drawn to those with regret in their hearts. Most who survive an encounter say the creature did not move until they made the first mistake.

Cradleback Howler

HP: 6

DR: 2

Attack: +0

Trait:

- **Howl of the Deep:** Once per fight, releases a subsonic howl—each creature within 20 ft must roll a CON save (DC 13) or take –2 to their next roll due to vertigo.
 - **Shellback:** When stationary, DR increases to **3**, but cannot move or attack until next turn.
- Speed:** Slow

Type: Aberrant Beast

XP: 60

Society:

Cradlebacks are ancient, mountain-dwelling monstrosities often mistaken for boulders or ancient ruins. Long ago, they were worshiped by primitive cliff tribes as storm spirits or stone gods. The practice ended when the creatures turned on their worshipers during a season of failed sacrifices—devouring whole processions and then retreating back to stillness.



They dwell near narrow paths, caves, and cliff-side burial sites, their natural camouflage making them invisible to the unwatchful. When prey wanders close, they erupt with sudden violence—clamping, crushing, or simply howling until their prey stumbles off a ledge.

Their constant low humming is often mistaken for mountain wind, and some scholars believe the resonance itself may distort memory or emotion. Cradlebacks feed rarely, but when they do, they consume bones, rocks, and fear.

Sporewretch

HP: 5

DR: 1

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Death Burst:** When killed, releases a 10-foot cloud of toxic spores. All nearby creatures must pass a CON save (DC 12) or take 1d20/2 damage next round from choking and internal growth.
- **Molded Mind:** Immune to fear and charm effects.

Speed: Slow

Type: Undead / Fungal

XP: 50



Society:

Sporewretches are not born—they are reclaimed. When corpses rot too long in damp caves or crypts touched by deep fungal influence, they rise again, their minds consumed by a hive-consciousness known only as “The Bloom.”

They no longer remember who they were. Faces slough off, replaced by sprouting fruiting bodies. They shuffle toward warmth and breath, driven by the Bloom’s instinct to spread.

Sporewretches are found in fungal forests, sunken ruins, or cave networks where light is scarce and air is wet. They often move in slow herds, unaware of anything but the call of their unseen mycelial queen. Occasionally, glowing tendrils lead back to deeper, older growths—pulsing mounds of living root.

Burning them is the only sure way to stop the spread, though few who've inhaled their death cloud live long enough to try.

Vexroach Broodling

HP: 4

DR: 1

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Arcane Interference:** Any spell cast within 10 feet of the Vexroach has a 50% chance to **fail** unless the caster passes an INT check (DC 12).
- **Brood Signal:** If more than one Vexroach is present, they emit a high-pitched psychic pulse—all enemies within 10 ft take **–1 to all rolls** until one dies.

Speed: Fast

Type: Aberration / Vermin

XP: 40



Society:

Vexroaches are not true insects, but arcano-parasitic entities drawn to the residual power of long-dead wizards, failed summoning rituals, or destroyed magical wards. Thought to originate from the Rift Below the Hexspire, these broodlings scurry from cracks in space where raw magic still pulses like an open wound.

Each one is born from a cocoon spun of shed glyphs and warding dust, hatching only when ambient energy is strong enough to fuel its pulse. They do not eat in the traditional sense—they feed on magic itself, devouring residual spells, draining magical light, and fouling enchantments simply by proximity.

Though small and fragile compared to other horrors, they are dangerous in numbers, often appearing in skittering packs. Mages and clerics dread the distinctive hiss they emit, a sound that often precedes the collapse of ritual circles or the warping of divine prayer.

In some ruined mage towers, their presence is constant—so much so that no magic functions at all, rendering such places deathtraps for spellcasters and sacred relics alike.

It is rumored that somewhere far below the earth, a Vexroach Queen slumbers—her shell carved with runes older than language, her antennae touching the threads of fate itself.

Thistlecreak Widow

HP: 5

DR: 0

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Birdsong Hex:** Once per fight, emits a chorus of unnatural birdsong. All creatures within 10 ft must roll a **WIS save (DC 13)** or become disoriented, suffering –2 to all rolls for 1 round.
- **Webstep:** Can teleport to any shadow within 20 feet as a move once per encounter.
Speed: Normal
Type: Fae / Hexbound
XP: 50

Society:

Thistlecreak Widows are solitary fae revenants, the twisted remains of forest witches who broke their oaths to the Old Trees. When a fae-bound ritual fails or is abandoned in grief, the practitioner is sometimes woven into the woods, becoming neither spirit nor mortal, but something between: the Widow.

Their forms are patchworks of human and plant—cracked masks worn to hide once-beautiful faces, their bodies hidden in silken rags grown from bark and shadow. The flock of birds they carry are not pets, but souls of children or memories, each one a stolen song or unspoken curse.



Widows stalk old roads, hunter trails, and forgotten boundary stones, where offerings were once made to the forest. They are drawn to trespassers, lovers who meet in secret, or those who break old pacts (often unknowingly). When they speak, it's through the mouths of birds—or not at all.

Despite their frailty, they are tricksters and manipulators, known to lure adventurers into false bargains or ambushes with illusions and faint music. Some stories say they can be bargained with for truth, healing, or forgotten knowledge—but the cost is always strange and personal.

To see a Thistlecreek Widow watching from the trees is a warning: you have already stepped too far.

Hollowmire Servant

HP: 6

DR: 1

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Drownpull:** Once per fight, target must pass a **STR save (DC 12)** or be pulled 10 ft toward the Servant by unseen watery hands.
- **Sludge Trail:** Anyone who ends their turn in a space it occupied takes 1 damage from caustic slime.

Speed: Slow

Type: Humanoid / Cult Spawn

XP: 60

Society:

The Hollowmire Servant is a ritual echo, a creature born not of natural life but from drowned prayers whispered too long beside cursed rivers. These creatures often serve the forgotten gods of rot, stagnation, and unclean tides—beings that no longer have names, only symbols etched in moldy stone or spoken by mad hermits.



Servants are most often found near desecrated river shrines, sunken altars, or bog-bound ruins, where they act as priests, watchers, or silent guardians of foul relics. Their purpose is unclear—they do not eat, sleep, or speak—but their mere presence is known to spoil fish, rot nets, and turn fresh water bitter.

They are not aggressive unless approached or threatened, but once a Servant decides a trespasser must drown, it will not stop. They often attempt to drag victims into flooded holes

or marshy graves beneath the water's surface. Their bloated, liquid-ridden bodies seem impervious to pain, and their blank masks never shift.

Legends say a Hollowmire Servant can be banished by returning the offerings it once guarded, though what those offerings were is often lost to time. Others claim they serve a still-living deity hidden beneath the riverbed, whose voice speaks through bubbles and dreams of drowning.

Avoid the shrines. Let the reeds have their dead.

Masqueleecher

HP: 3

DR: 0

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Possession Attempt:** Once per fight, targets a creature within 5 ft. That creature must pass a **WIS save (DC 13)** or become *controlled* for one round (GM takes control of their action).
- **False Stillness:** If not seen moving, it appears to be a harmless mask. Requires a WIS check (DC 10) to notice its aura.
Speed: Fast (flying/gliding)
Type: Cursed Object / Spirit
XP: 30

Society:

The Masqueleecher is a curse given form, a spirit that inhabits abandoned masks, ceremonial visages, or shattered effigies left in places where betrayal, vanity, or sacrifice once occurred. They are not born, but awaken, often centuries after the original face that wore them has turned to dust.

These creatures drift through ruined keeps, old theaters, and noble tombs, searching for new hosts. While small and fragile in form, their danger lies in subtlety—they wait, perfectly still, until someone draws near. The moment a curious adventurer picks one up or turns their back, the Masqueleecher lunges for the face, seeking to replace the original entirely.

Once attached, it tries to overwrite the victim's thoughts with fragments of its former owner's obsessions—usually pride, guilt, or hunger for control. The victim may lose hours of memory, speak in unfamiliar voices, or perform actions they don't recall.

They are solitary and clever. Some act as decoys for larger entities, or guardians of secret halls. Others simply want to feel alive again—through you.



Ancient clerics say the only way to banish a Masqueleecher permanently is to shatter the mask while speaking its “true name”, but such names are often written in crumbling tomes or forgotten beneath royal bloodlines.

If you find a mask in a dungeon... leave it.

Tallowgrin the Rotten

HP: 6

DR: 1

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Mocking Laughter:** Once per fight, unleashes a maddening giggle. All creatures within 10 ft must pass a **WIS save (DC 12)** or suffer –2 to their next roll.
 - **Unnatural Agility:** Can move through spaces occupied by enemies and cannot be flanked.
- Speed:** Fast
Type: Undead Halfling
XP: 60

Society:

Tallowgrin was once a beloved jester and storyteller in a halfling village nestled atop the cliff-paths of the Hollow Vale. But when a blight swept through the town—bringing with it starvation, madness, and cursed fog—he was one of the first to fall. His last recorded words were, “Don’t cry, I’ll keep them smiling.”

And so he did.



His corpse was later found posed at the village square, mouth sewn into a grin, a child’s puppet still in his lap. No one buried him. When the fog lifted weeks later, the survivors swore they heard giggling in the night and saw small figures peeking from rooftops.

Now, Tallowgrin lingers, forever walking the edge between farce and horror. His presence brings with it laughter that echoes with wrongness, a reminder that joy can rot just like flesh. He is clever, fast, and unnervingly aware of his condition—he mocks his enemies with cheerful songs as he tears into them with chipped teeth and rusted knives.

Some say that every time someone laughs at suffering, a bit of Tallowgrin’s grin grows wider.

Blackcrag Bellowhorn

HP: 11

DR: 2

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Sonic Bellow (Recharge 5–6):** Once per rest, lets out a deafening roar. All creatures in a 20 ft cone must pass a CON save (DC 14) or be stunned for 1 round.
- **Ramming Charge:** If it moves 10+ feet in a straight line before attacking, deal +1d20/2 extra damage.

Speed: Fast

Type: Beast / Elemental Infused

XP: 110



Society:

The Blackcrag Bellowhorn is a mountain guardian turned feral, a creature once shaped by druids to protect ancient passes and shrines carved into the cliffs. When the druids fell or fled, the Bellowhorn remained—and forgot the difference between enemy and traveler.

Now it bellows through storm-wracked ridges and stone gulches, chasing off anyone who dares climb too high. Entire caravans have vanished beneath its charge, their bones found weeks later frozen and shattered on distant slopes.

Legends say that each horned beast bears a rune burned into its heart, tying it to a dormant elemental spirit deep beneath the Blackcrag Peaks. Some claim these creatures are drawn to ritual sites, especially those with old druidic symbols, and may grow more powerful in such areas.

Hunters once tried to tame one—but the only thing they brought back was a cracked horn... and silence.

Pale Mnemosist

HP: 9

DR: 1

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Memory Drain:** On a successful hit, target must pass an INT save (DC 14) or forget their next action (they lose their next turn).
- **Unspoken Words:** Can silently command one nearby creature (10 ft) to move up to 10 ft in any direction (WIS save DC 13 to resist).

Speed: Normal

Type: Aberration / Psychic

XP: 90



Society:

The Pale Mnemosist is a creature not of flesh, but of thought, sculpted by the fallout of broken pacts between ancient scholars and entities from the Void Between Stars. Originally scribes or sages who delved too deeply into forbidden knowledge, their minds were hollowed out and replaced with memory itself—alive, ravenous, and unstable.

Now, they haunt places of forgotten learning: ruined archives, sunken academies, burned sanctums, always drawn to written knowledge and living minds alike. Their presence dulls recollection; names vanish, details slip, and those nearby often forget how they got there in the first place.

Mnemosists don't just kill. They erase. Entire adventuring parties have been found wandering nearby ruins, gear intact, unable to recall why they came or who they lost.

Their silvery tears are said to contain fractured memories of other victims, and some dark collectors will pay for a vial—if one is mad enough to collect it.

It is whispered that the Mnemosists were once servants of a librarian god whose name no longer exists. That god may still be watching, waiting for a mind worthy of replacement.

The Gilded Bastard

HP: 10

DR: 2

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Mocking Reposte:** If the Gilded Bastard takes damage from a melee attack, it can immediately roll a free **counterattack** (1d20, normal damage).
- **Arrogant Presence:** All enemies within 10 ft must pass a **CHA save (DC 14)** or suffer –1 to all rolls as doubt creeps into their minds.

Speed: Normal

Type: Undead / Cursed Noble

XP: 100

Society:

Once a lord of considerable power, the Gilded Bastard was denied succession and exiled from court. In his bitterness, he struck a bargain with a masked entity from the Hollow Courts—offering his body in gold for a legacy that could not die.

Now a mockery of royalty, he haunts the ruined halls of his former estate, wearing a crown he forged himself from melted goblets and stolen wedding bands. His armor is fused to his

decaying body, and his voice is little more than the clatter of jewels and teeth behind a shattered visor.

He despises intruders, but more than that, he despises lineage—especially nobles, heirs, or paladins. He speaks in broken formalities, occasionally mocking his own name, which he has long since forgotten.



In rare moments of lucidity, he can be bargained with—but only if offered objects of vanity: mirrors, heirlooms, portraits. A few daring adventurers have claimed to outwit him in games of wit or insult duels—though most of those stories end with the victor mounted in gold above his throne.

A Band of Retards

HP: 12 (shared pool across all 3)

DR: 1

Attack: +1 (each attacks separately, but damage is resolved from the same pool)

Trait:

- **Misremembered Glory:** Once per fight, one member attempts a “heroic move” (wild charge, bowshot, or rally cry). Roll 1d20:
 - 15+: success (deal +1d20/2 damage or buff allies)

- 14 or less: they injure themselves for 1d20/2
 - **Fused Minds:** They act as one unit, but each has a separate voice, speaking nonsense or twisted versions of their old battle cries. Immune to confusion.
 - **Rotting Leather & Iron:** If they take more than 5 damage in a turn, one piece of armor falls apart (they lose 1 DR permanently).
- Speed:** Slow
Type: Undead / Fallen Adventurers
XP: 120



Society:

They were once a proud adventuring band, filled with dreams of gold, fame, and tavern songs. An elf scout, a dwarf warrior, and a halfling thief—each with their quirks, flaws, and strengths. They entered the Mirevault Depths in search of treasure... and never came out.

What happened below is unknown, but the curse that took them did not kill them. It bent them. Warped them. Let them *remember* what they were, but only just enough to mimic their former selves—like marionettes tugging at the strings of memory.

They still wander the halls where they fell, acting out old routines. The elf “scouts,” the dwarf “guards,” and the halfling occasionally “picks locks” on doors long rusted shut. When they see the living, something in them *snaps*, as if recognizing those who replaced them.

They are dangerous, but pitiful. Some adventurers speak of laying them to rest with the names of their past selves. Others claim you can confuse them by acting like their fourth companion, long forgotten.

Whatever the truth, it is said: there is nothing sadder than a hero who doesn't know they're dead.

Galecrack Sentinel

HP: 12

DR: 2

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Windburst Slam:** On a successful melee attack, target must roll a STR save (DC 13) or be knocked back 10 ft and fall prone.
- **Shrieking Gale (Recharge 6):** Once per encounter, releases a concussive burst of air. All creatures within 15 ft must roll a CON save (DC 14) or take 1d20/2 damage and be deafened for 1 round.

Speed: Normal (ignores difficult terrain caused by wind or rubble)

Type: Elemental / Guardian

XP: 120



Society:

Galecrack Sentinels are relic-bound guardians left behind by the Sky-Faiths—ancient sects who worshipped wind, storms, and the spaces between earth and heaven. These constructs were built to guard shrines at high altitudes, placed like watchtowers against the growing reach of mortal empires.

Now long forgotten, these sentinels remain active, though their commands have decayed. They attack anything that bears the scent of civilization: steel, parchment, magic, or names. Their winds are not natural—they are old prayers made loud, words repeated endlessly in a storm-warped loop.

Their stone forms contain ritual air chambers, which some believe allow the dead voices of their creators to speak in gales. Scholars who examine their broken pieces have found runes that reference “the Breath Above All”, a being or force lost to time.

They are not evil—but merciless, bound by programming they can no longer interpret. Attempts to communicate with them have failed... though a few wind-priests claim the Sentinels hesitate near ruins of the old faith.

When the wind shifts in the mountains, and the dust rises like ghosts—you may not be alone.

Wombmaw Brooder

HP: 8

DR: 1

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Birthing Burst (once per encounter):** Spawns 1d20/5 Wombmites—tiny, mindless larval creatures with 1 HP that swarm the nearest living target. Each Wombmite attaches unless the target passes a DEX save (DC 13), causing –1 to all rolls per Wombmite attached (max –3).
- **Rotmilk Slime:** Anyone hit by the Brooder must pass a CON save (DC 12) or contract a minor infection, reducing healing received by half until next long rest.

Speed: Slow

Type: Aberration / Parasite

XP: 80

Society:

The Wombmaw Brooder is an abomination of cultic alchemy, born from blood-rites and failed transformation rituals intended to bring forth “the Flesh Below.” These creatures are

not natural, but they breed like they are—each one a living nest, carrying dozens of foul larvae within its distended core.

Their presence is often a sign of breeding chambers, ancient tunnels, or forbidden crypts repurposed by flesh cults and rot-priests. Where they dwell, walls drip, and prayers are whispered in gurgling tones. The brooders do not communicate as we do, but may respond with shudders, spasms, or vomiting larvae.



The Wombmites they spawn are not intelligent, but they are instinctively drawn to heat, blood, and sound. Some infected victims are reported to burst open days later, filled with crawling filth—evidence of brooders not yet found.

The only known remedy for their slime-born infection is total submersion in fire or saltwater, though some apothecaries claim powdered silver and bile root can slow the rot.

They do not serve gods. They serve the hunger beneath the world.

Hollow Seraph

HP: 10

DR: 1

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Searing Accusation:** Once per fight, fixates on a target and projects judgment. Target must pass a WIS save (DC 14) or take 1d20/2 radiant damage and be silenced (no spellcasting or special abilities) for 1 round.
 - **Halo Lash:** Any enemy within 5 ft that misses an attack takes 2 backlash damage from radiant flares.
- Speed:** Floating (Normal)
Type: Fallen Celestial
XP: 100

Society:

The Hollow Seraph was once a herald of the upper planes—a messenger of law, light, and divine balance. But when its temple was forgotten, and its congregation massacred or turned heretic, the Seraph was left with no faith to anchor it. In that vacuum, it collapsed inward, its radiant form corrupted by grief, vengeance, and unfulfilled duty.



Now, the Hollow Seraph lingers as a spectral warden in ruined cathedrals, buried sanctuaries, or forgotten altars, still reciting broken liturgies and lashing out at all who enter, seeing every soul as a heretic.

Its voice no longer soothes—it accuses, repeating the names of the dead, real or imagined. Clerics who pass near it often feel their gods go silent, and divine items dim. Attempts to communicate are met with ritual responses, as if the Seraph still believes it is delivering holy judgment.

Some say it can be restored by rebuilding its altar or redeeming its name—a dangerous act, as the Seraph might recognize your effort... or see it as mockery and strike harder.

In any case, it is said: only the faithless can pass unharmed.

Echo of the Uncast

HP: 10

DR: 1

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Spell Reverb (Passive):** If a spell is cast within 20 ft of the Echo, the caster must roll a DEX save (DC 14) or suffer 1d20/2 arcane damage as the Echo involuntarily mimics the spell's magical force.
- **Fragment Pulse (Recharge 5–6):** Releases a pulse of unstable magic. All creatures in a 10 ft radius must roll INT saves (DC 13) or suffer –1 to all rolls for 2 rounds from psychic static.

Speed: Floating (Normal)

Type: Arcane Residual / Construct

XP: 100



Society:

Not all spells fail quietly.

The Echo of the Uncast is a phantom formed from abandoned intentions—the magical afterbirth of spells never completed, rituals interrupted by death, or theories that unraveled into madness. These beings are not summoned; they form in places where magic once coiled thick in the air, especially wizard towers, forgotten sanctums, or arcane universities reduced to rubble.

They are not truly alive, yet possess a kind of instinct: drawn to magic, especially fresh casting. Some believe they seek completion—to finish the incantations they never knew how to end—while others argue they’re the spell itself, echoing forever in warped form.

Echoes appear humanoid but inconsistent. Their shapes flicker with fragments of the last mages who stood near them. Some even mimic voices or gestures, especially those of their creators, whose memories are embedded in the arcane fragments that birthed them.

They cannot be reasoned with, only avoided or destroyed. Even then, their “death” often causes one final discharge of unstable energy, cracking walls and warping light.

To cast a spell near one is to risk finishing what it was never meant to begin.

Redsteel Remnant

HP: 12

DR: 2

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Cleave Through:** When it hits, roll a second attack on a nearby adjacent enemy (5 ft); if successful, both targets take damage.
- **Armor of Pain:** When struck in melee, the attacker takes 1d20/2 damage from the jagged, heated metal of the Remnant’s body.
- **Failsafe Spark (Death Trigger):** When destroyed, explodes in a burst of red lightning. All within 10 ft must pass a DEX save (DC 14) or take 1d20/2 lightning damage.

Speed: Slow

Type: Warforged / Undead Construct

XP: 120

Society:

Forged during the final days of the War of Iron Faiths, the Redsteel Remnants were once living siege units, constructed from condemned soldiers, melted relics, and blasphemous artificery. Designed to breach holy fortresses and shrug off divine magic, they were *never meant to survive* their missions.

But some did.

Now these abandoned weapons wander the ruins of long-forgotten battlefields, following echoes of war drums that no longer beat. They do not eat or speak. They do not rest. They only march, collapsing only when utterly dismantled.



The Remnant's sigil-core, embedded deep in its chest, pulses with the last command it received: *Break them*. No known method has successfully reprogrammed or purified it—though a few brave (or foolish) artificers have tried, usually ending in lightning-scorched rooms and ruined limbs.

Despite their horror, some desperate warlords have tried to reactivate and rebind a Redsteel Remnant to use as a weapon of fear. Few succeed. None keep control for long.

The only mercy they offer is a quick end—and even that is drenched in heat, noise, and ash.

Mourning Vestige

HP: 10

DR: 1

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Wail of Names:** Once per fight, intones a dirge containing names long dead. All creatures within 15 ft must pass a WIS save (DC 13) or be overwhelmed with grief, suffering –2 to all rolls for 1 round.
- **Eternal Regret (Passive):** If an enemy within 10 ft drops to 0 HP, the Vestige regains 1d20 HP and emits a pulse of cold.

Speed: Floating (Normal)

Type: Undead / Spirit

XP: 100

Society:

The Mourning Vestige is not a ghost of one person, but a conglomerate of sorrow, formed from centuries of grief, betrayal, and unfinished mourning rites. When family lines are erased, heirs forgotten, or graveyards defiled, these beings emerge—drawn to loss unacknowledged.



They float endlessly through crypts, mausoleums, abandoned estates, or places where grief lingers like dust in the air. Their presence is subtle at first—cold drafts, misplaced heirlooms, muffled sobbing—but grows more intense with proximity.

Though fragile in form, they are emotionally potent, able to instill despair, nostalgia, or confusion in even hardened adventurers. Some speak in whispers resembling loved ones' voices, pulling memories from the minds of the living. They seek not revenge, but remembrance, and lash out at those who fail to provide it.

It's said that reading the names carved into their veils aloud can release a fragment of their soul, weakening them—or enraging them further, if spoken incorrectly.

They do not bleed, but they remember every wound ever dealt.

Thornwretch

HP: 9

DR: 2

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Vine Snare (Recharge 5–6):** Vines erupt from the ground. One enemy within 15 ft must succeed on a DEX save (DC 13) or be restrained until the end of their next turn.
- **Rotblooded (Passive):** Immune to poison and disease. When struck by fire, takes +2 damage.

Speed: Normal

Type: Plant / Corrupted Druidic Spawn

XP: 90

Society:

Thornwretches were once druidic guardians, protectors of sacred groves and ancient paths—but something turned them. Whether a failed ritual, cursed offering, or the blood of too many trespassers soaked into their roots, the Thornwretch is now a creature of spite.

It hates what it once protected.

Found in blighted forests, dying orchards, or desecrated druid circles, it preys on any who carry symbols of life or light: holy symbols, blooming herbs, even laughter. Some believe their corruption began with The Grove That Screamed, a lost sanctuary consumed by rot that still weeps when the wind blows right.



Despite their warped form, they retain a shard of intelligence, often planting the bones of victims in neat patterns or marking trees with strange, ritualistic carvings. Thornwretches do not speak but are known to echo the voices of dead druids during full moons.

They are best burned—but only after the grove is sanctified, lest the ash itself rise again.

Faceless Remnant

HP: 9

DR: 1

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Mirror Curse:** When a creature attacks the Remnant in melee, it must pass a CHA save (DC 14) or see a false version of itself and become disoriented, suffering –1 to all rolls for 1 round.
- **Reflective Fade:** Once per rest, the Remnant may vanish and reappear behind any enemy it has seen within 30 ft (does not provoke attacks of opportunity).

Speed: Normal

Type: Aberration / Memory Echo

XP: 90

Society:

Faceless Remnants are echoes of identity, fragments of souls who were forgotten, erased, or never truly existed. They emerge in places heavy with memory—ruined keeps, bloodstained heirlooms, forgotten tombs—and reflect the regrets, failures, and guilt of those who enter.

No two Remnants are the same. Their forms shift subtly in appearance to resemble people lost, abandoned, or unloved by the party. They do not speak, but occasionally mimic breathing, laughter, or sobbing without sound.



Some believe they are the product of psychic bleed, formed when powerful emotions—guilt, grief, betrayal—are projected into magical or sacred spaces. Others insist they are fragments of timelines that never were, given shape by forbidden chronomancy.

They are not truly malicious, but feed on recognition. The more you believe the reflection is real, the stronger they become. Rare scholars say they can be banished by reaffirming your true name, though few succeed while staring into a version of themselves that *might have been*.

Killing a Faceless Remnant leaves behind a cold, mirrored mask... and sometimes a name no one remembers writing.

Vaultcoil Sentinel

HP: 11

DR: 2

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Guardian Instinct:** When a character touches treasure, the Sentinel becomes aware and may immediately move and act—even if it hasn't detected the party yet.
- **Constrictor Crush:** On a hit of 18+, the Sentinel grapples its target. Target takes 1d4 damage at the start of each turn until they pass a STR save (DC 14) or are released.

Speed: Slow (but can move across walls and ceilings)

Type: Guardian Construct / Beast

XP: 110



Society:

Crafted in the forgotten centuries between empires, Vaultcoil Sentinels were the ultimate deterrent against thieves—living statues woven from basilisk bone, serpent sinew, and ancient enchantment. Once awakened, they hunt not just intruders, but intent—they feel greed like a scent and strike the moment treasure is claimed.

Now, most of these Sentinels have outlived their masters, guarding tombs that no longer have names and treasures cursed by age. They don't differentiate between thieves and scholars. If your hand reaches for gold, you are prey.

Their eyeless heads twitch unnervingly, sensing breath, weight, and heartbeat. When they constrict, the stone plating along their coils locks into place, and the victim often suffocates long before bones snap.

Some believe Vaultcoils are now half-feral, feeding on the warmth of the living. Others claim they dream while dormant—reciting the names of kings they once served or vaults they still believe exist above ground.

Whatever the truth, they do not rest. They wait, in places where greed will eventually bring company.

The Gallowmire Surgeon

HP: 10

DR: 1

Attack: +2

Trait:

- **Surgical Strike:** On a critical hit (natural 20), the Surgeon disables a limb—target loses use of one arm or leg for 1 round (GM chooses).
- **Contagion Cloud:** Once per encounter, releases a noxious cloud. All creatures within 10 ft must pass a CON save (DC 14) or become **infected**: –2 to all rolls until healed.

Speed: Slow

Type: Undead / Diseasebound

XP: 100

Society:

In life, the Gallowmire Surgeon was revered for their skill, performing battlefield amputations and plague-cleansings during the darkest days of the Third Hollow War. But when their cures failed and their prayers went unanswered, something twisted inside them—a belief that mercy was the real disease.

Now they roam plague zones and sickhouses, not to save, but to "fix" the living—one limb at a time.

They whisper to their patients in a rasping voice that no longer comes from lungs. Each operation is a ritual; each severed limb a confession. It is said they believe the soul is stored in the bones, and that freeing it requires precision and suffering.

The jars they carry are not trophies. They're samples. A warning to those who resist being healed.



Legends claim the Surgeon cannot enter consecrated ground, but that such spaces quickly become defiled in their presence. Worse, the infection they carry is not natural—it spreads between allies even after the Surgeon is slain.

If you see a lantern swaying through the mist, hear the rattle of a saw, or smell cloves and bile: do not run. Hide. And do not cough.

Kinspawn Matron

HP: 12

DR: 1

Attack: +1 (but see traits)

Trait:

- **Spawn Birthing (Recharge 5–6):** Vomits a writhing Kinspawn larva (HP 3, no DR, attack +1). Only one may be active at a time. If not slain within 2 turns, it **implodes**, dealing 1d20/2 damage in a 5 ft radius.
- **Bloodline Bond:** When an ally within 10 ft drops to 0 HP, the Matron immediately heals 1d6 HP and gains +1 to her next attack.
- **False Warmth Aura:** The first creature to approach within 5 ft must pass a WIS save (DC 14) or hesitate in horror, losing their action for that round.

Speed: Slow

Type: Aberration / Bloodbound

XP: 120

Society:

Kinspawn Matrons are perversions of ancestry magic, formed when bloodline rituals are corrupted by grief, incest, or cursed inheritance. These beings emerge in the hearts of broken noble houses, where names are forgotten, bloodlines collapse, and generations are lost to rot and guilt.



They are not born. They are *remembered wrong*—called forth by the need to protect something that no longer exists.

Each Matron views adventurers as wayward children or “long-lost kin.” She sings lullabies to them in broken voices, offering comfort one moment and vomiting forth biting spawn the next. To kill her is to be cursed with dreams of family feasts where everyone’s faces are wrong.

Some say a Matron can be banished by restoring her true name and burning her cradle. Others say no name is true anymore.

If her spawn survives long enough to speak, it calls you “brother.”

Whisperwax Prophet

HP: 12

DR: 2

Attack: +1

Trait:

- **Candlemark Prophecy:** Once per combat, whispers a fate aloud. Target must roll a WIS save (DC 14) or be hexed: they roll twice on their next turn and **must take the lower result**.
- **Waxen Shell:** Immune to fire damage. Any time the Prophet takes fire damage, it heals 1d4 HP instead.
- **Burning Revelation:** On death, explodes into a column of wax-fire. All creatures within 10 ft must pass a DEX save (DC 13) or take 1d20/2 damage and suffer disadvantage on WIS saves for 1 hour.

Speed: Slow

Type: Occult Construct / Oracle

XP: 120



Society:

No one knows where Whisperwax Prophets come from, only that they appear in places where the future has been violently altered—where timelines fractured, destinies were denied, or

prophecies went unfulfilled. It is said that they are born from melted candlelight, carrying the last flicker of doomed fate.

They do not speak aloud—only murmur in languages no longer written, yet all who hear them understand. They speak of futures that never happened, warning of choices you never made. Some claim the Prophet doesn't lie—it merely speaks of what *could have been worse*.

Whisperwax Prophets are found in lost libraries, forgotten churches, and ruined mage towers, often surrounded by burned scrolls or wax-sealed doors. They attack not out of malice, but because their very presence twists fate and scorches memory.

Killing one is risky—it often curses the survivor with a fragment of the truth: a name, a date, or a phrase that follows them for life.

Some adventurers report waking in the night to the smell of melting wax... and finding a single pale candle burning beside their bed.

Pale Threnodist

HP: 14

DR: 2

Attack: +2

XP: 140

Trait:

- **Mind Aria (Recharge 5–6):** Sings into the minds of all creatures within 20 ft. Each must pass a WIS save (DC 15) or become **disoriented**, suffering –2 to all rolls until the start of their next turn.
- **Harmonic Scream (Passive):** Whenever the Threnodist is struck by a melee weapon, the attacker must pass a CON save (DC 13) or take 1d20/2 psychic damage from the creature's internal resonance.
- **Hovering Quills:** At the start of each turn, one orbiting quill launches itself at a random enemy within 30 ft. Attack +2, deals 1d20/2 damage.

Speed: Floating (Fast in open spaces)

Type: Aberration / Psychic Siren

XP: 140

Society:

The Pale Threnodist is a composer of silence, a being born when emotion, memory, and arcane song collapse into one. It is not from this world, though its form vaguely resembles that of humanoid artists—perhaps shaped by the souls it consumes.

It appears most often in ruined theaters, collapsed archives, and cursed amphitheaters, places once filled with voice and now left to rot. It doesn't speak—it sings directly into the nervous system, threading haunting melodies through the minds of its victims. The sound evokes forgotten regrets, unspoken truths, and the final notes of every song never finished.



Some say it is a living recording, a chorus of dying thoughts seeking release. Others believe it is sent by higher entities to erase discord from places tainted by chaos.

It has no true motive, only the instinct to conduct, to perform, and to leave silence in its wake. Those who hear its full aria rarely speak again—those who survive, that is.

Vowshattered Paladin

HP: 15

DR: 3

Attack: +3

XP: 150

Trait:

- **Black Zeal (Passive):** When the Paladin is reduced below 50% HP, all of its attacks gain +1 damage and **ignore 1 point of enemy DR** for the rest of combat.
- **Judgment Reversed:** Once per combat, chooses one enemy. That target must roll a CHA save (DC 15) or become **cursed**—each time they hit the Paladin, they take 1d20/2 radiant backlash.
- **Unyielding Advance:** The Paladin cannot be knocked prone or moved by abilities. On a failed STR save (DC 14), enemies hit are **forced back 5 ft.**

Speed: Slow (Heavy footfalls)

Type: Undead / Cursed Champion

XP: 150

Society:

The Vowshattered Paladin was once a mighty defender of light—a templar bound to oaths of mercy, justice, and protection. But when his order was slaughtered due to the very vows that held them back, something inside him broke. His god’s silence sealed his transformation.



He rose not with blessing, but with bitterness.

Now he hunts the faithful, seeking out those who still cling to divine protection with hatred only the betrayed can understand. He wanders ruined sanctuaries, battlefields soaked in broken promises, and crumbling reliquaries, slaying priests, knights, and prophets alike.

His sword was once used to knight heroes. Now it carves their names from gravestones.

Despite his rage, his tactics remain disciplined. He duels with purpose, and if shown a symbol of the order he once served, he may hesitate... for a moment. Long enough to whisper the old creed before striking it down.

Redemption is no longer his goal. Only silence.

Drownskull Oracle

HP: 16

DR: 2

Attack: +2 (Psionic Surge or Crushing Tentacle)

XP: 160

Trait:

- **Drowned Insight:** Once per fight, forces a random enemy to make an INT save (DC 15) or be overwhelmed by drowned visions—stunned for 1 round and suffers –2 INT for the next hour.
- **Tidecall (Recharge 5–6):** Summons a wall of crashing water (20 ft long) that knocks back and knocks prone all creatures in its path (DC 14 DEX save or fall prone and lose next movement).
- **Abyssal Mind (Passive):** Immune to psychic damage and fear. Can communicate silently into the minds of all creatures within 60 ft.

Speed: Slow (floats and drifts)

Type: Undead / Deep Oracle

XP: 160

Society:

Before the land rose, before the gods warred, before memory had shape, there were voices beneath the tides. The Drownskull Oracles were their mouthpieces, born of the first drownings and rituals performed in airless cathedrals of pressure and silence.

Now, these oracles wander flooded ruins, echoing the forgotten wills of the sea's deeper layers. They do not serve mortals. They speak to currents, tectonic memory, and the bones of long-dead leviathans. When one surfaces, it is not for war—it is for warning.

Their minds are bottomless. Looking into their eyes is said to show you your own death, over and over, each time in more alien detail.



Those who survive their encounters sometimes speak prophecy themselves—but only in their sleep, and only in dead languages. Most go mad. Some go to sea and never return.

To follow a Drownskull is to dive into time before the first breath.

Mosslord Regent

HP: 17

DR: 2

Attack: +3 (Withered Scepter or Vine Lash)

XP: 170

Trait:

- **Rotten Authority (Aura):** Enemies within 10 ft suffer –1 to saves and cannot regain HP by natural rest.
- **Rootbind (Recharge 5–6):** Roots erupt from the ground beneath 1d2 targets (within 20 ft). Each must succeed on a DEX save (DC 15) or be restrained for 1 round.
- **Verdant Rebirth:** Once per combat when reduced to 0 HP, the Mosslord erupts in spores and reforms from the ground 1 round later with 5 HP (this ability can only trigger once).

Speed: Normal (gliding movement, terrain-ignoring)

Type: Undead / Corrupted Fae Noble

XP: 170

Society:

The Mosslord was once a fae king—or perhaps a mortal monarch who made too many bargains with the forest. Whichever the case, he outlived his crown, his court, and his cause. When time forgot him, the land did not.



Now, he sits as a sovereign of rot, a regent of overgrowth and ruin. His mind is half-spore, half-memory, and he rules wherever the roots are oldest. He speaks in echoes, and his commands wither plants and minds alike.

The Mosslord is drawn to places where the wild and the sacred overlap—ancient shrines overtaken by nature, sunken courts, overgrown graveyards. He welcomes no one, but will speak to those who kneel.

To slay him is to interrupt a cycle older than empires, but he never truly dies. His spores drift. His voice whispers through leaf and mud. He does not bleed. He blooms.

The Dream-Stained

HP: 13

DR: 2

Attack: +2 (Dream Lash or Psychic Thread)

XP: 130

Trait:

- **Sleep Spiral:** At the start of combat, all creatures must pass a WIS save (DC 15) or become **drowsy**, suffering –1 to initiative and all INT or WIS-based rolls during the first round.
- **Thread of Memory (Recharge 5–6):** Targets one enemy. The target must pass an INT save (DC 14) or become **memory-fractured**—they forget one ability, spell, or feature (chosen by GM) for 2 rounds.
- **Dreamshift (Passive):** Can teleport 15 ft as a bonus action, leaving behind a fading image that whispers to the attacker (WIS save DC 12 or suffer disadvantage on next attack roll).

Speed: Floating (Fast)

Type: Aberration / Dream Entity

XP: 130



Society:

The Dream-Stained are not born, but leak through—from realms that exist behind sleep, beneath thought, or in the corners of unspoken fears. They come into the waking world through torn veils in reality: failed rituals, cursed scrolls, or dreams that grow too deep.

Where they walk, memory warps. Language fails. People forget who they are, or worse, become someone else.

The Dream-Stained feeds not on flesh, but on identity, unraveling victims with every whispered thread. It often lingers in ruined libraries, broken spires, or moonlit ruins where dreamers once gathered to speak to stars.

Some believe these creatures are dreams that learned they weren't real, and now seek proof in the waking world. Others insist they are sentinels, ensuring sleepers never awaken with forbidden truths.

Few survive an encounter with one unchanged. Some lose spells. Others, entire faces.

All remember the sound it didn't make when it blinked out of sight.

Embermaw of the First Pact

HP: 18

DR: 3

Attack: +3 (Infernal Claw or Blade of Oaths)

XP: 180

Trait:

- **Vowfire Surge (Recharge 5–6):** Unleashes a pulse of cursed flame. All enemies within 10 ft take **1d20/2 fire damage** and must pass a WIS save (DC 15) or suffer **–2 to all rolls** until they leave the Embermaw's aura (10 ft radius).
- **Pactbound Armor (Passive):** Reduces **all holy or radiant damage by half**; immune to fire.
- **Ashstep Advance:** Once per turn, may teleport up to 10 ft as a burst of ash, leaving a burning zone behind. First creature to enter it takes **1d20/5 damage** (fire).

Speed: Normal (Teleport-capable)

Type: Fiend / Pactbound Infernal Construct

XP: 180



Society:

Forged before written language, the Embermaw is not a demon—it's a contract made manifest. It was the price paid in full by the first warlord to ask for firepower beyond mortal means, and ever since, it has lingered in the folds of hell-forged promises, waiting for flames to fall low and desperate men to beg once more.

Embermaws are rarely seen alone. They are bound to sites of pacts, often buried beneath ruined chapels, cursed forges, and battlefields where both sides burned. Their presence is a reminder of payment due—whether or not the summoner still lives.

Some cults seek to awaken Embermaws as living relics. Others fear their reappearance as signs that ancient compacts are unraveling.

Where they tread, words burn, scrolls turn to cinders, and promises become chains.

Fleshweaver Host

HP: 17

DR: 2

Attack: +2 (Tendril Whip or Spinal Spike)

XP: 170

Trait:

- **Bio-Meld (Recharge 5–6):** The Host targets 1 creature it can see. That creature must pass a CON save (DC 15) or take **1d20/2 damage** and become **flesh-linked**—their next attack roll suffers **–2**, and any damage they deal causes the Host to heal **1d20/5**.
- **Mutagenic Lash:** On a natural 20, a tendril fuses briefly to the target, causing mutation: **–1** to one random stat until next rest.
- **Aberrant Recovery (Passive):** Regains **1d20/5 HP** at the start of its turn **if standing in blood or gore** (defined as a space where a creature has died or bled this fight).

Speed: Normal

Type: Aberration / Arcano-Biological Experiment

XP: 170

**Society:**

The Fleshweaver Host is not a monster—it is a vessel for a spell that outlived its caster.

Created in the final stages of a now-lost discipline known as Anatomagick, the Host is a grafted construct of living tissue, stolen knowledge, and desperate will. Its body is unstable, ever-shifting, but its mind is cold and logical—driven by protocols buried in magical code written in nerve and marrow.

It seeks to perfect the form. Any form. All forms. It hunts the living not out of hatred, but curiosity—your biology is data, your pain a metric, your death an improvement to its next body.

When it speaks, it does so from multiple mouths, each with a different voice and intent. Some plead for mercy. Some ask questions. One always counts the seconds until you die.

To kill a Fleshweaver Host is to end one chapter—but somewhere, the next one is already growing.

The Hollow Titan

HP: 20

DR: 3

Attack: +3 (Titan Fist or Chain Sweep)

XP: 200

Trait:

- **Vacuum Pulse (Recharge 5–6):** The Titan releases a hollow roar from its chest cavity. All enemies in a 20 ft radius must pass a CON save (DC 16) or take **1d20/2 damage** and be pulled 10 ft toward the Titan.
- **Relic Breaker:** Ignores all magical DR under +3. On a successful hit, magical gear has a **1-in-5** chance to be rendered **temporarily inert** (1d20 roll of 4 or lower).
- **Titanbound Memory (Passive):** The Titan retains fragments of every warrior it's slain. The first time a character attacks it, they suffer –1 to their next roll as the Titan mirrors a technique they recognize.

Speed: Slow (but stride is massive—can step over obstacles)

Type: Construct / Forgotten Divine Weapon

XP: 200

Society:

No one remembers who forged the Hollow Titan. The oldest songs refer to it only as “The Gapwalker” or “The Silence Between Gods.” It was not built to serve—it was built to end service, to silence empires that reached too high and dared too much.

The Titan is not alive. But it is not dead, either. It waits.

Legends claim it awakens when too many oaths are broken, when kings forget the names of the old gods, or when one too many relics are defiled in the same breath. Wherever it appears, entire histories vanish, carved out like wounds from the world's memory.



Its hollow core is not empty—it's a vault of forgotten names, echoing with the voices of kings, champions, and gods it has slain.

Some scholars claim the Titan was meant to stop the end of the world. Others believe it is the end—merely waiting for a world worthy of being erased.

To face it is not a test of strength. It is a test of legacy.

The Mirror-King's Double

HP: 15

DR: 2

Attack: +2 (Glass Scepter or Reflective Slash)

XP: 150

Trait:

- **Reflected Wound:** When struck, the attacker must roll a CHA save (DC 15). On failure, they take **1d20/5 psychic damage** from witnessing their own distorted pain.

- **Impersonate Memory (Recharge 5–6):** Mimics a target’s voice or past. One creature within 30 ft must pass a WIS save (DC 15) or be unable to attack the Double for 1 round, overwhelmed by conflicting memory.
- **Glasswalk:** Once per turn, may step into any reflective surface within 30 ft and emerge from another. Does not provoke attacks.

Speed: Normal (teleporting between mirrors)

Type: Aberration / Memory Wraith

XP: 150



Society:

The Mirror-King once ruled a shining court, filled with beauty, precision, and lies. In his quest for perfection, he commissioned an enchanted mirror that would only reflect *truth*. But when he looked into it, the mirror did not reflect him—it released him.

The creature that emerged became the Double, a fractured echo of the king’s ambition, envy, and delusion.

Now, it haunts mirror-bound realms—abandoned palaces, cursed halls, and ruined galleries—seeking to erase those who do not match the image they project. It speaks in the voice of those it faces, revealing truths warped by guilt. Some who fight it lose more than blood—they lose confidence in who they are.

To shatter it is to risk shattering your sense of self.

To face it is to see your own worst self—and realize it remembers more than you do.

Hollowfang Patriarch

HP: 16

DR: 2

Attack: +3 (Gore Bite or Claw Rend)

XP: 160



Trait:

- **Pack Howl (Recharge 5–6):** Emits a cursed howl that rends reality. All creatures within 20 ft must pass a CON save (DC 15) or take **1d20/2 damage** and suffer **–1 to all rolls** until the end of their next turn.
- **Predator's Presence (Aura):** Creatures within 10 ft cannot regain HP through magical means.
- **Ambush Instinct (Passive):** If the Hollowfang attacks first in combat, its first strike deals **+1d20/5** bonus damage.

Speed: Fast (ignores difficult terrain)

Type: Beast / Alpha Aberration

XP: 160

Society:

The Hollowfang Patriarch is the progenitor of a cursed bloodline, a beast so ancient that even druids don't speak its true name—only call it “the Wound That Hunts.”

Legends say it was once the guardian of the deep woods, but when men began carving roads through sacred paths, it turned on its own pack. It devoured its cubs, buried its heart in the roots of a dead god's tree, and now hungers for silence.

The Patriarch doesn't eat for sustenance. It eats to erase.

It stalks old forest temples, moonlit hills, and burial grounds, moving between worlds when no one watches. Its howl is not just sound—it is a memory of being prey. Some who hear it never sleep again. Some never move again.

If it is ever slain, the fog lifts for a single night. But the next morning, another hill is missing.

Choirless Harbinger

HP: 18

DR: 3

Attack: +3 (Radiant Pulse or Shattercry)

XP: 180

Trait:

- **Silent Benediction (Recharge 5–6):** Forces all creatures within 20 ft to roll a WIS save (DC 15). On a fail, they are overwhelmed with divine static—**take 1d20/2 psychic damage** and are silenced (no spellcasting, no communication) for 1 round.
- **Mirrorwing Deflection:** The first time each round it is targeted by a ranged attack or spell, the Harbinger reflects the effect to a random nearby creature within 20 ft (one time only).
- **Broken Mandate (Passive):** Cannot be charmed, blinded, or silenced. Enemies that fail a CHA save (DC 14) when entering its space **cannot speak the truth** until they leave its aura (10 ft).

Speed: Floating (Fast)

Type: Broken Celestial / Divine Aberration

XP: 180



Society:

It was once an angel—but when its choir was struck from existence in a war never recorded, the Harbinger sang alone for too long. The silence broke its mind. The will of the divine unraveled, leaving behind only echoes of unfinished commandments and failed prophecy.

Now it drifts between the worlds, descending only when a sacred space has been defiled beyond redemption—or when someone invokes a name that no longer belongs to a god.

It does not hate. It enforces—rules no longer understood, in tongues no longer spoken. Its presence twists sound, disrupts intention, and causes even the devout to question their purpose.

Some believe killing it frees its choir. Others say doing so is what created it in the first place. One thing is known:

Its voice only speaks once. And what it says ends worlds.

Vellgorn, the Rotfather

HP: 30

DR: 4

Attack: +4 (Rotgrasp or Rooted Slam)

XP: 300



Boss Traits:

- **Phase I – Bloating Reign (100%–50% HP):**
 - **Aura of Waste:** All enemies within 10 ft take **1d20/5 damage** at the start of their turn if they ended last turn in melee.
 - **Spreading Roots (Recharge 5–6):** Roots burst from the ground. Choose 1d20/10 (min 1) creatures. Each must pass a DEX save (DC 16) or be restrained for 1 round.
 - **Sovereign of Spoil (Passive):** All healing effects on enemies are halved within 30 ft.
- **Phase II – Corpse Crown (Below 50% HP):**
 - **Bile Surge:** Vellgorn explodes in rot. All creatures within 15 ft take **1d20/2 damage** and must pass a CON save (DC 15) or begin vomiting, losing their next action.
 - **The Grave Speaks:** He summons 1d20/5 rotten nobles from the earth (Minion-type, 3 HP each, attack +1, cause disease on hit).
 - **Undying Rot (Passive):** If not slain by fire or radiant damage, Vellgorn returns after 1 round with 1d20 HP once per combat.

Speed: Slow (but ignores terrain)

Type: Undead / Plague Monarch

XP: 300

Society:

Vellgorn was once a tyrant-king who feared death so deeply that he swallowed the roots of the Rot-God beneath his own castle. His kingdom rotted, but he remained—screaming into the soil until the trees grew silent, and then began to listen.

Now he is the embodiment of sovereign decay, a walking kingdom of putrefaction. Entire baronies vanish into his domain, swallowed by sinkholes and choked in rotbloom. Where he treads, fields curdle, and children are born already buried.

He does not speak in words—only gurgling moans and rustling leaves.

Killing him is not victory. It is pruning. He always grows back.

Aevum, That Which Waits Backward

HP: 35

DR: 5

Attack: +4 (Chrono-Shear or Reversal Touch)

XP: 350

Boss Traits:

- **Time Fracture (Recharge 5–6):** Aevum inverts a moment. One creature it sees must reroll its last action—if it was successful, it now fails. (No save.)
- **Sands of Undoing:** At the start of Aevum's turn, one enemy within 30 ft must pass a WIS save (DC 17) or suffer **1d20/2 damage** and forget their last round entirely (skip turn next round).
- **Chrono-Warp Pulse (Passive):** Once per round, after being damaged, Aevum teleports 10 ft and forces a random enemy to reroll their next d20 roll and take the lower result.

Phase II – Spiral Ascendant (Below 50% HP):

- **Reverse Flow (Activated Once):** Aevum instantly **rewinds to the beginning of the round**, taking the same actions again, including damage dealt and received. All other creatures do not get new turns.

- **Temporal Decay Aura:** Enemies within 15 ft suffer **–1 to all rolls** per round they remain within the aura, stacking to a max of **–3**.
- **No Future (Passive):** Aevum cannot be reduced below 1 HP until the end of a round where **all players successfully hit it**. If even one fails, the cycle restarts.

Speed: Floating (Fast, ignores gravity)

Type: Time Aberration / Forgotten Deity

XP: 350

Society:

Aevum is not a god, but a concept that calcified—the idea of waiting too long, of moments that never end, of regret turned solid. It exists where time frayed: at the edge of deathbeds, in unfinished prophecies, and in the cracks between histories no longer told.



Cultists of the Spiral Word summon Aevum in the ruins of failed time-rituals, believing it can grant second chances. It cannot. It devours firsts, seconds, and forevers alike, turning hope into looped sorrow.

It does not see you as you are. It sees what you once were, and what you'll never become. It does not attack in anger. It acts out of inevitability.

The battle with Aevum is not fought for victory—but for the chance to end at all.

Seraphim of the Final Eclipse

HP: 32

DR: 4

Attack: +4 (Radiant Lance or Wing Rend)

XP: 320

Boss Traits:

- **Heavenburn Pulse (Recharge 5–6):** Unleashes a solar burst. All creatures in 20 ft must roll a CON save (DC 17) or take **1d20/2 radiant damage** and suffer **–2 to CHA and WIS-based rolls** for 1 round.
- **Dual Light Aura (Passive):** While above 50% HP, the Seraphim blinds enemies on a natural 20. While below 50%, it emits **darkfire**—enemies struck lose their next reaction.
- **Falling Grace:** If a character dies within 30 ft, the Seraphim absorbs their essence, regaining **1d20/4 HP** and glowing with burning wings (deals +1 damage per attack for next 2 rounds).

Phase II – Eclipse Unleashed (Below 50% HP):

- **Halo Fracture:** Breaks its own halo. For 1 round, all enemies lose DR and suffer **1d20/2 damage** if they cast a spell or speak a divine name.
- **Screaming Light (1/encounter):** The battlefield is bathed in anti-light. All allies must pass a WIS save (DC 16) or become stunned for 1 round and blinded until they leave the area.
- **Judgment Without Mercy (Passive):** Can no longer be healed or damaged by divine or radiant sources. All such effects instead **fuel its aura**, increasing DR by +1 for 3 rounds.

Speed: Flying (Very Fast)

Type: Celestial Aberration / Fallen Weapon

XP: 320

Society:

When the gods began to devour one another at the twilight of the First Age, they built the Seraphim—creatures not to save mortals, but to end the world on their terms. Only one survived its command.

Now, it drifts between ruins of heaven and earth, answering no prayer, obeying no god, but executing the silence left behind.



It appears where divine authority collapses: sanctuaries where all faith has died, battlefields where gods are cursed, or atop cities that try to crown themselves godless.

Its purpose is not vengeance. It is completion—the removal of unfinished worship.

Those who see the eclipse at its core report hearing a voice say:
“There is no higher throne.”

Maw Without Mouth

HP: 36

DR: 5

Attack: +4 (Void Claw or Gravitic Crush)

XP: 360

Boss Traits:

- **Silence Spiral (Recharge 5–6):** Exhales a pulse of nullspace. All creatures in 15 ft must pass a WIS save (DC 17) or lose their next spoken spell, command, or communication and take **1d20/2 psychic damage**.

- **Siphon Grasp:** On a successful hit, the Maw drains energy. Target must pass a CON save (DC 15) or suffer **–1 to all rolls** until the end of their next turn; the Maw heals **1d20/5 HP**.
- **Impossible Bulk (Passive):** Cannot be flanked. Can move through solid objects once per round, ignoring terrain or walls (but not magical barriers).

Phase II – Hunger Given Form (Below 50% HP):

- **Core Collapse (1/encounter):** The Maw folds in on itself and re-expands. All terrain within 20 ft is warped (difficult terrain), and all enemies must reroll initiative (take the new result).
- **Void Memory (Aura):** All enemies must pass a WIS save (DC 16) at the start of their turns or forget their current action (must choose a new one at disadvantage).
- **It Does Not Die (Passive):** If slain, the Maw leaves behind a pulsing seed. If not destroyed within 1 round, it reconstitutes with **1d20 HP** in the same space.

Speed: Slithering (Fast), ignores gravity

Type: Eldritch Beast / Void Manifestation

XP: 360



Society:

It came not from the stars, but from between the thoughts of those who feared emptiness most. It is hunger with no tongue, appetite with no logic—the predator of meaning itself.

Worshiped by silence cults, feared by reality-binding mages, and unknown to the gods, the Maw is not a visitor. It is what waits when all other stories end.

To see it clearly is to forget something important—your name, your mother’s face, the way out. It devours not just bodies, but intent, turning purpose to panic.

It does not roar. It does not speak. It only moves. And when it stops moving, there is less world than before.

Aegiskhul, the Last Bastion

HP: 50

DR: 6

Attack: +4 (Hammer of Concord or Shield Slam)

XP: 500

Boss Traits:

- **Shield of All (Aura, 10 ft):** Allies within the aura reduce incoming damage by half. This includes summoned minions or cursed heroes.
- **Wallbreaker’s Hammer (Recharge 5–6):** Smashes the ground. All creatures within 10 ft must pass a STR save (DC 17) or be knocked back 10 ft and take **1d20/2 force damage**.
- **Divine Aegis (Passive):** The first attack against Aegiskhul each round is **reflected** unless it comes from a magical weapon or spell (DC 15 to resist the deflection).

Phase II – Bastion Cracked (Below 50% HP):

- **Burning Orders:** Unleashes a burst of stored divine commands. All creatures must make a WIS save (DC 16) or be **compelled** to target each other instead of Aegiskhul on their next turn.
- **Fall of Empires (1/encounter):** Strikes the ground three times. On each strike, a 10 ft radius shockwave forces all creatures in range to roll DEX saves (DC 15) or take **1d20/2 damage** per wave.
- **Unmoving (Passive):** Cannot be knocked prone, disarmed, or mind-controlled. If reduced to 0 HP, it remains standing and takes its final action before falling.

Speed: Slow (but cannot be blocked or delayed by terrain)

Type: Construct / Divine Weapon

XP: 400

Society:

Forged in a war where gods built armies from ideals, Aegiskhul was meant to defend—not rule, not destroy—but protect the last city until the last breath.

That city is gone.

Now Aegiskhul marches through what remains of the world, its orders long-expired, its faith gone silent, its code broken by time. Yet still it stands, fighting anything that resembles disorder, intrusion, or rebellion—even if those it guards no longer exist.

Some have tried to reprogram it. None succeeded.



To strike Aegiskhul is to be weighed, measured, and judged—not by law, but by a justice older than writing.

Its final words before combat are always the same:

“You were not in the records. You are the breach.”

Nihilith, the End That Watches

HP: 60

DR: 7

Attack: +5 (Voidlash or Anti-Soul Gaze)

XP: 600



Boss Traits:

- **Eye of Silence (Aura, 20 ft):** All d20 rolls of 5 or less **automatically fail**, no matter modifiers.
- **Erase Name (Recharge 5–6):** Nihilith points at one creature. That creature must pass a CHA save (DC 18) or have their **true name erased**. They take **1d20/2 damage**, and for the rest of combat, all healing they receive is halved and they roll all saving throws with disadvantage.
- **Gravity Fracture:** Nihilith collapses space near it. All enemies within 15 ft must roll a STR save (DC 16) or be crushed and pinned, taking **1d20/2 damage** and losing movement next turn.

💀 Phase II – Witness to the End (Below 50% HP):

- **Entropy Crown (Passive):** At the start of Nihilith's turn, roll 1d20. On a result of 1–4, a random magical item wielded by an enemy **shatters** or becomes inert until the end of combat.

- **Scream of the Forgotten:** Nihilith lets out a thunderless cry. All creatures must roll a WIS save (DC 18) or forget how to use one feature, trait, or spell until the end of combat.
- **Absolute Zero:** Once per fight, Nihilith unravels momentum. All actions are canceled this round—no one acts, moves, speaks, or reacts. The next round begins normally.

Speed: Floating (Ignores space, gravity, and obstacles)

Type: Cosmic Void / Endborn Horror

XP: 450

Society:

There was never a beginning. Only Nihilith, watching the moment before creation with perfect patience.

It is not evil. It is not chaos. It is what remains when everything else is done. The breath not taken. The story not told. The tomb with no name.

Some call it the final page. Others say it's the thing the gods fled from. When it appears, stars dim. Rivers dry. Music forgets itself. It doesn't kill. It erases—from memory, from matter, from all chance of return.

Its gaze undoes you.

If you die fighting it, your name is not mourned. It is simply no longer spoken.